

H.C. Burleigh Papers

Ten up

8 pages

QUESTIONS	BY ARCHIVE
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Mr. Alex McKay is pictured with some of his roses in one of the largest collections in the area. Above may be seen a small part of one of his rosebeds.

Everything

Coming Up Roses

Mr. Alex McKay, a Life Member of the Brockville Horticultural Society, has a garden plot of roses that is the envy of all who look at it.

Mr. McKay, who is by trade a baker, and who was with Tait's Bakery for thirty years, abandoned his indoor life for his health some years ago and now spends all his time, both at work and at his hobby, in tending gardens. He is employed at the home of G. T. Fulford during working hours, and in his own garden, and Hardy Park in his free time.

Deep in roses, he prefers planting them in the fall. Those he put in at Hardy Park were placed in November. He hills them up during the winter, with a mixture of earth and peat moss, and "didn't lose one" last winter, in a garden boasting over 125.

Mr. McKay applies one treatment of commercial fertilizer in the spring, after uncovering, but from that time uses a little liquid fertilizer. He does not wish to encourage too much new growth from now on as it will be winter killed.

He does his spraying and watering early in the morning, "before anyone else is up". Evening watering, he believes, encourages black spot.

NIPIGON EVENTS

HMCS Nipigon, which will arrive in Brockville at 10 a.m. the 18th of July, will be open to the public Tuesday and Wednesday from 1:30 to 4 p.m.

There will be a special Royal Canadian Navy Flag lowering ceremony on Block House Island on the 19th, following a Naval Parade in Brockville.

His garden, on King Street, is below street level, so that few persons driving by in cars are aware of what a display is on view.

Every type and every hue are in bloom, scenting the air all around.

JESSUP STEPS

Mr. Richard Dumbrille, president of the Grenville County Historical Society, officiated at a ceremony officially opening the new stone steps leading to the high ground, and the Jessup plot, in Sandy Hill Cemetery, Prescott, on Saturday.

The flight is made from stones removed from the old canal face at Cardinal. They will officially be known as The Jessup Steps.

Several descendants, and relatives, of Edward Jessup, founder of Prescott, were present for the ceremony. A descendant cut the ribbon, held by Mrs. Jean Wadds, M.P. for Grenville-Dundas and Mrs. Fred Cass. Also present were the Warden, Mr. George Brown and representatives from the Cemetery Board and Town Council.

Mr. Howard Warner, president of the Sir Guy Carleton Branch, U.E.L., addressed the gathering as guest speaker. The text of his address follows:

"It is a distinct honour that has been conferred upon me this afternoon to speak at this momentous milestone in the long history of Sandy Hill Cemetery, Prescott. Undoubtedly, this honor has been occasioned by my association with 'The Fort Town' and, particularly, in view of the fact that in the year 1843 my paternal ancestors settled here directly following their voyage from the Village of Baconsthorpe, County of Norfolk, England. My Great-Great-Grandmother Warner was a widow at the time, and she arrived with her four sons and two daughters. She later

(Continued on Page 3)

St. Vincent W.A.

The last meeting of the season of the Women's Auxiliary, St. Vincent de Paul (General) Hospital, was held Wednesday, June 21st. Points of interest brought to the attention of the members was the Card Party to be held Oct. 4th, 1967; the dedication of the many Volunteers servicing the Gift Shop and Snack Bar; the much appreciated contribution of the "Candy Strippers",

R.N. School at Cornwall

The federal government has made a grant of \$306,744 towards the new Cornwall Regional

our teenage Volunteer group, and to the Committee whose successful charge was the "Fish Pond"

School of Nursing.

This facility is expected to accommodate 200 students on a two-year course. Students will complete training by spending a third year clinical internship in a participating hospital.

Regional schools utilize the teaching and training capacity of all area hospital resources.

Target for school completion is January, 1968.



Present for the dedication ceremonies of the Jessup Steps in Sandy Hill Cemetery, Prescott, last Saturday, were: John Beck, contractor; George Brown of Cardinal, Warden of the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville; Dr. Williams, chairman of the committee in charge of the project; Mrs. Jean Wadds, M.P. for Grenville-Dundas; Mr. Howard Warner, U.E., president of the Sir Guy Carleton

Chapter of the U.E.L., Ottawa, who was the guest speaker; Mr. Richard Dumbrille, of Maitland, president of the Grenville County Historical Society and Councillor Verne Whiting, representing the mayor of Prescott. Mr. Dumbrille is holding a volume of the genealogical records of the Jessup family which was presented to the Society on this occasion by Mr. Warner.

"I have said what I meant and meant what I said. I have not done as well as I should like to have done, but I have done my best, frankly and forthrightly; no man can do more, and you are entitled to no less."

1952 — Adlai Stevenson.

EDITORIALS

Segregation on the CN

Segregation is a bad word, and is generally thought of in connection with race, or color, only.

However, there are other sorts of segregation, and economic segregation is one of them.

We deplore what seems to be a class, and economic segregation arising out of the CN policy about "complimentary meals" for those who purchase chairs.

"Complimentary" meals for those who pay a little extra (for an extra comfort) are beginning to mean no meals at all for those in the coaches on crowded trains.

There are many more persons travelling by coach than by chair — some because of economic reasons, some because of preference, some because of convenience, and these people like to eat too.

But the harried waiters now feel compelled to serve these "complimentary" meals to those who are under the impression that, because they have paid for a different type of seating accommodation, they are entitled to a meal. Line-ups in the corridor by the diner car are thinned now, not by strict order of sequence, but by whether or not the would-be diner holds a chair seat. Those who do not can starve to death (and very nearly do when they are not served and have to connect with another train that has no dining car) as far as the CN is concerned.

We have no quarrel, in private clubs, with members only being served. But the CN is not a private club. It is a public service, supported in its deficits by all the tax-paying citizens of Canada, and subsidized on its money-losing "red days".

Let CN revert to selling separate, and different, seating accommodation to those who want it. And let it also sell meals to those who want them. But stop this tie-in of not being able to procure food without procuring a seat.

Better to offer these things separately than to have to refund to some, or give no service to others.

The Collectors

The NDP in Ontario has been particularly alert about collecting persons who are discontented in their present situation and urging them to come out and say why, get a headline, and then run for the party.

It is a real publicity gimmick and gives the party a little more mileage in the press than if they were to approach citizens who are not at war with the powers that be, in institutions and government.

However, malcontents, generally, make a profession out of being unhappy with anyone who attempts to regulate their goings out and comings in, and are as likely to find party discipline as irksome as that from any other source.

When these discontented recruits become disenchanted we look for some of the most entertaining political revelations of all time.

In the meantime we wonder if Tommy Douglas has given thought to the perilous situation the leadership will be in when some of these headlines have come through an election, particularly if they do so victoriously.

Medically Unfit

The law now says that every qualified medical practitioner in Ontario must report the name of any patient who, in the opinion of the doctor, is suffering from a condition which makes it dangerous for such a person to operate a motor vehicle.

This law was passed on the recommendation of the Department of Transport.

Unfortunately, it seems to be directly in contrast with that old medical tenet of the confidentiality of the relationship of doctor and patient. But now that OMSIP and future Medi-care are casting medical men in the role of quasi-civil servants, the government, and all its departments may feel that the results of their examinations should be available for public purposes.

There is no doubt that there is merit, from the point of view of the safety of all of us on our roads, in making the procurement and retention of a driver's licence a more carefully screened thing than it now is. In fact, the OMA Safety Committee made some recommendations about taking certain types of drivers off the road.

But how can it be done without infringement of that time honored situation of a man's secrets resting in the M.D.'s office, and not becoming government property ex-

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REWARD

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The Editor
The Packet

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The dear little church

Tradition's Blue

Grad Save Highway Two
Anon

cept in the case of the worst of the communicable diseases, which are a hazard to the community?

The reporting requirements must be spelled out much more carefully than the vague phrase "the opinion of the medical practitioner". Think of all the major causes of highway accidents — short temper, impatience, fatigue, stress, psychotic behaviour, immaturity, alcoholism — all the above being of emotional origin — and eyesight, hearing, old age, hardening of the arteries, poor judgement, faulty memory, inability to read signs, diabetes, epilepsy, heart, slow reflexes — all of them the possible trigger of an accident. Quite obviously, in this list, there are conditions that are sometime things — others that are chronic. Can an M.D. report on his patient without real belief that he is a high-way hazard? It is asking a policing and reporting function of the profession contrary to all training and practice. Surely, if the Department of Transport wants the persons with these disabilities identified, it can pick them off the files of OMSIP or OHSC reports, and follow up with extra driving test from there.

"Opinion" on the part of the medical profession is too often contested in courts, and could become, in this instance the source of many lawsuits entered by the persons identified as dangerous at the wheel of a car. There is a shortage of medical practitioners now. It would be a shame to embroil them in time consuming legal complications when there are other, more direct ways, for the department to identify persons with these physical and emotional problems.

Best News of the Week

U.N. OBSERVERS TO BE BACK ON DUTY IN MID-EAST

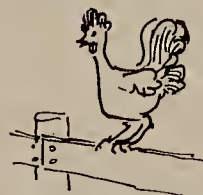
Worst News of the Week

SPORADIC OUTBURSTS ALONG SUEZ



Welter Safety says,
"Investigate conditions
BEFORE entering the
water, and always swim
with a buddy."

POINTS FROM THE RICKET FENCE



- 1 - The sign "Slippery when Wet", on the highways, means just that. During hot weather the oil and grease from cars melts on the pavement. When there is even a slight mist or light rain, it becomes very dangerous for fast driving.
- 2 - When you wash your husband's "drip-dry" shirts, do not wring them, but take them to the line dripping wet and hang them on a wooden or plastic hanger. Don't press them. When he puts them on body heat is enough to make them look ironed.
- 3 - The bamboo shades that are used on summer porches can be freshened up with tincture, or a clothes dye. Make a solution fairly strong, and paint it on with a paint brush. You can spread them on the grass to paint them.

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Editor

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\$2.00 PER ANNUM
\$3.00 IN U.S.A.

E O D A

This week's winning numbers:
14863 - 11860 - 15601 - 15621 -
15628.

Last week's numbers were all
claimed.

SUSPECTED LOYALISTS



Heard at Albany, N.Y. 5th Sept-
ember, 1778.

John S. Bradt of the Helleberg
examined and permitted to return
home.

Barnet Stilwell, believed to be
of an equivocal and neutral char-
acter, appeared and asked time to
consider taking the oath.

6th September - Alexander
Campbell of Schoenectady appear-
ed and refused to take the oath
and requested permission to go to
Canada with his family. Per-
mission granted.

Melchert File liberated on good
behaviour.

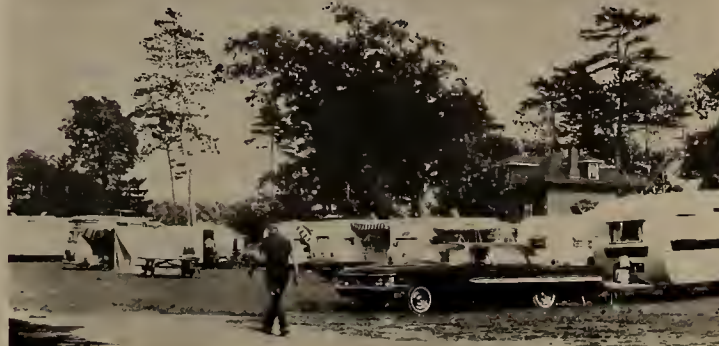
John D. Goes held from being
sent to the enemy's lines as he is
a witness in the case of another
prisoner.

Archibald McKellop permitted
at large, the charges against him
being trivial.

TELEPHONE 342-9745

To Place Your Ad In

The Packet



All camping grounds in the district are
busy and the municipally run St. Lawrence
Park, Brockville, is no exception. By mid-

afternoon, each day, it is filling up with trail-
ers.



Enjoying a pony ride at the Du Pont family picnic on Saturday is Joe Farella of Brockville. Joe was one of the many children who were entertained by many features. The picnic started in the morning and went on through the afternoon, with a large turnout.

JESSUP STEPS

Continued from Page 1

married Joseph Merrington and they, with their children and the Ward family relatives, lie buried in close proximity to this road-way and entrance to the Jessup plot. Grandfather Warner often recalled when his grandmother would drive from Prescott to South Augusta by means of a double-wagon and a team of horses. Incidentally, I wrote my entrance examinations here in the year 1921 during the days of Mr. Greig and Mr. Whiting.

This imposing stair-way of granite stones has been built as a centennial enterprise by the Grenville County Historical Society, and the entire project will be known as The Jessup Steps. The name of Jessup has the identical meaning to Prescott as the name of Buell has to Brockville, and there is also a mutual connotation in the fact that a prominent pioneer Jones family lived in each community -- the lineage of Alpheus and Charles Jones. It is presumed that the Jessup family of Prescott originated at Rotherham, near Sheffield, County of York, England, where the ancestral home was known as "Broom Hall." The Will of William Jessup is dated December 12, 1857, and it is reasonable to assume that Edward Jessup who crossed the Atlantic ocean prior to 1849 was a member of that family. He settled on lands that he owned in the Town of Stamford, Connecticut, but later moved to West Farms, County of Westchester. There were three sons in his numerous family -- namely, Edward, Joseph and Ebenezer, and his death occurred on December 28, 1732.

The second son, Joseph, was the father of a family which played an influential part in the American War of Independence, and his son, Edward, raised a company of men for service in the war against France. It will be noted that the various generations were active in the military life, and they were friends of Sir William Johnson who lived at "Johnson Hall," near Albany, N.Y. There were many petitions received for grants of land at the close of the French war in 1760, and the Jessup brothers obtained a considerable acreage of property in 1774 on the west side of the Hudson River in the County of Charlotte. The land investments of the Jessups had become extensive with the aid of royal officials, and when the American War of Independ-

ence broke out they immediately became loyal to the British Crown. The United Empire Loyalist cause was greatly advanced by Edward and Ebenezer Jessup who were in the party which went through the wilderness to join Sir Guy Carleton at Crown Point on November 4, 1776. Sir John Johnson's Royal Regiment of New York had been formed, and in the spring of 1777 Jessup's Corps was in the process of being raised. Sir Guy Carleton officially recognized the corps on June 7 of that year, and it was to be known as The King's Loyal Americans. Edward was made a captain, and a second battalion of Sir John Johnson's regiment was formed in 1780 and known as the King's Royal Regiment. The well-known Jessup's Rangers became the new regiment which dates officially from November 12, 1781, and the role of this regiment was prominent and of a varied nature.

It was early in 1787 that Edward Jessup (the son of Joseph and then a major) proceeded to the area in August township which later became the Town of Prescott, and he settled on his grant of land of 1,200 acres. He was also granted 3,800 acres in the District of Lunenburg, but his main interest continued in the life of the community of Prescott. The town was founded in 1810, and a number of streets are named after members of the Jessup family and its connections. Major Edward Jessup's descendants held local offices for many years, and he died in February, 1816, at the age of eighty.

(Continued on Page 3)

Thanks Brockville

Mr. John Matheson, M.P. for Leeds and Parliamentary Secretary to the Prime Minister, advised Centennial Chairman Roy Hislop today that Prime Minister Pearson had asked him to convey to the Centennial Chairman and the citizens of Brockville his tremendous reception given to her Majesty by the City of Brockville.

Mr. Pearson reports that Her Majesty was deeply touched by the Brockville welcome and Prince Phillip delighted by the armada of small craft from the

Memories of Life in a Small Ontario Village

by Marion Richmond

— Continued —

I flew off my perch in haste and attacked the fire with a vengeance! It died out, but not before leaving a scorch mark on the wonderful wagon. In despair, I took it to my friend and told him what had happened -- and asked him what I could do to right the dreadful mar. To my amazement, he turned in anger and stalked into their kitchen, heated an iron on the stove, took off my doll's beautiful cape and, on the lovely white satin lining, he firmly plumped his hot iron -- leaving a scorch equally as bad as that on the wagon.

What a fight we had; but all was soon forgotten as another day dawned. We planned to go to the sand pit, some distance down behind the Anglican Church and draw several loads of gravel in his wagon to make our Highway. (Highway No. 2 was being built about that time, I believe, and we were engineering our own Highway in the "forest" opposite our lawn). How we slaved over that road -- and wound it in and around the tall shady trees.

I must tell you, of course, about our main shopping centre -- the General Store. It was a fascinating place crowded on one side with sundries of all kinds; and if you asked for any item, they seemed able to go at once and pluck it, unerringly, from the myriad of other articles.

The other side was much more interesting to me. It housed the Post Office with its secretive mail boxes and the little opening -- the wicket -- through which the mail was handed.

Beyond was the exciting glassed-in candy counter! For a penny one could have a crooner accusa to look and look! Then finally, we would decide which candy to purchase. Usually it was a long black licorice whistle or a lengthy, narrow strip of paper filled with tablet-like pink sugar candies. There were, indeed, a great many for the money! What fun to read the inscriptions on them in a deeper pink and finally, to pop the candy in one's mouth!

The owner, Mr. Mallory, and co-owner Mr. "Walt" Billings, were such kind, genial personalities. Mr. Mallory with his well-groomed "George V" beard had a lovely face lit with merry twinkling eyes. They, both as I recall, always had a pleasant word for the young as well as their contemporaries. Our requests met with equal respect and attention; and we responded with equally good manners and a natural liking.

Mr. Mallory wore a fascinating watch chain with a gold "fob" attached. It interested me greatly and I remember often asking if I might know the time so that I might see the lovely gold watch slip from the vest pocket. The time given -- the hand expertly returned it to its place of safety. The chain and fob moved with the weight of the gold and then settled comfortably on his vested round tummy! Often he allowed my sister and me to go behind the counter where we selected at very special and infrequent times, boughten cookies.

These cookies were not pre-packaged and gaudily pictured, but were housed in tin boxes with a glass peep-hole. This opening allowed a customer to select the delicacy he wished without coming in contact with it.

Sometimes we could follow him out behind the store to a room which held supplies to replenish his stock. Here I gazed my eyes on the butter crock -- whilst he dived in with a scoop and measured a pound. Mmmm! With scoops of brown sugar placed in a brown paper bag, one's thoughts could race ahead to a butter and brown sugar sandwich as soon as home was reached.

The village pond was behind this store and behind also the library and the telephone exchange. I say, was, for now the pond is

no more. It is quite unbelievable to us who are not living in Lyn. It was the scene of tragedy, sadly, for some; but for others it was the scene of many delights.

The mud-cats, in the summer season, were truly intriguing by virtue of their fearful homeliness. In the winter season, the frozen pond made a marvellous skating spot. Well I remember the rare frosty moonlight night when Dad would don his skates and to me and the three of us would have a glorious evening of fun. Bumps and bruises did not matter. The most wonderful part of it was the fact that our "elderly" parent Dad must have been in his "thirties" now that I look back! I had certainly out-skated us even to the point of cutting figure eights around us!

The Library was to me an exciting place. Saturday mornings were most often spent here choosing books of adventure to take home and read. The brightly coloured and fascinating "Funnie" were spread out, freshly on the tables at the weekend. "Tillie the Toller", the Katzenjammer Kids and "Gasolina Alley" were favourites and eagerly looked forward to each Saturday.

In the adjoining room was the Telephone Exchange managed by Pergau sisters. They lived above the office with their gentle and elderly mother. I still treasure a very beautifully and finely knit bedspread given to me by Mrs. Pergau when in her "eighties". It is a very elegant and well-done piece of handicraft.

My sister was sometimes fortunate enough to be allowed to slip on the earphones in the Telephone Office and attend to the switchboard. When a demanding "zzzz" rang out, she would expertly plug in and connect the two parties! Oh! How I would love to do that! -- but I was always considered too young.

Apparently, I must wait, as in many things, till I was older! Would I ever, ever catch up to my sister! Maybe next year -- I remember thinking. But I found as I grew older, she too, sprang ahead to a new and enviable age of adventure and responsibility.

Can you imagine, too, the fun of fishing out the back door of the Pergau summer kitchen which was over the pond! A friend reminded me, also, of Bob Willie, the butcher, next door who always had some old meat we could use as bait!

Further along the main street was a drug store owned by Mr. McCready, a garage run by the Stewart boys, a blacksmith shop owned by Mr. Tennant, and near the school, the home of the

house painter, John Square and Mrs. Square.

Ha was a short rotund Scotsman. Many was the night I fell asleep listening to mother accompany him on the piano in our parlour while he practiced the tenor for his part in Sunday's anthem! Mrs. Square often had my alster and myself in for dinner on a stormy day. It was always a delight to find her serving us her own corn which she dried in the Fall to preserve. It had a flavour, quite distinct from other corn and a treat for us as Mrs. Square knew! What droll humour, teasing fun and warm hospitality we knew! Ha! Bad weather was, I can assure you eagerly anticipated. If it meant a noon hour spent with Mr. and Mrs. Square.

The village doctor, Dr. Judson, was truly beloved by all. A handsome man, past middle age, with a fine face and a head of white hair made him easily a Dean of men. His dignity and kindness lit the way before him. Ha, like my father, travelled many miles by horse, sleigh and canvas-topped buggy. The enforced relaxation, due to the slow steady pace of the horse, must have saved these men in health and strength.

(Continued)

Safety

Lift Trucks

The Brockville Section of the Industrial Accident Prevention Associations again sponsored a Lift Truck Rodero for all qualified Lift Truck Operators in the Section's Area, roughly the triangle formed by Brockville, Kemptville and Morrisburg.

Scene of the Rodero was the Brockville Memorial Centre which was laid out like an obstacle course, simulating the conditions of loading, carrying and unloading that Lift Truck Operators meet in their daily work.

Competitions on July 11th continued throughout the afternoon from 1:00 p.m. and in the evening from 7:00 p.m.

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CFJR

4:10 to 6 p.m.

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342-3628

TAKE OUT
SERVICE

140 KING W. TAVERN
OPPOSITE THE CAPITOL THEATRE





J. P. Mansfield, horticulturalist, inspects the new K.A.S. "Mist Bed" — a hundred feet of deciduous and coniferous cuttings under different treatments of heat, light and chemicals. Artificial light is applied to some and a spray of mist envelops the plants for 12 seconds in every minute.

K.A.S. Research

The public is invited to Kempsville Agricultural School Campus on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, July 18th and 19th, to see some of the research programs being carried out by staff and students.

On the 20th a special program will be held for seedgrowers and their wives.

Eleven young man students remained at K.A.S. for the summer to carry out special studies. They earn and learn under staff direction in studies on plant population, fertility trials and weed control.

Tests are being undertaken on soybeans, sunflowers and corn, among other crops.

to thank all those who participated in making these data available.

We hope that all conservation clubs will bring this to the attention of their members. We will be distributing envelopes to clubs later this summer for collecting and shipping wings.

We are looking forward to your co-operation.

W. H. Chariton,
District Foraster.



CRAIGS OF BROCKVILLE

30 KING ST. W.

342-2294

Garden Notes



Shrubs with Colored Foliage

- By A. R. Buckley -

Although most landscape architects avoid using or advocating the use of shrubs with colored foliage in landscape planting, I feel that there is definitely a place for them. There is, of course, a big difference between planning a garden so that all materials will enhance and complement one another, and planning a garden for the plants and plantings you enjoy. I do agree, however, that shrubs with distinct foliage colors may be disturbing to the eye if dotted about indiscriminately, and I would suggest that a border or bed be set aside for them in a quiet corner of the garden. Admittedly, too, they are not plants you would use to enhance the foundation planting, for they serve a better function, that of gladdening your heart during dull periods when color in the form of flowers or fruit may be otherwise lacking.

The first plants to come to mind are the shrubby dogwoods, including several with variegated foliage and colorful bark. Best of these are the Snaeth dogwood (*Cornus alba* 'Spaethii'), with yellow and green variegation and the variegated dogwood (*Cornus alba* 'Argenteo-marginata'), which has white leaves marked with a band of green. These are extremely attractive when provided with efficient background material to show the colors to the best advantage.

The buffalo berry (*Shepherdia argentea*) has silvery foliage and stems, which stand out luminously among other shrubs. In the fall it produces shiny red berries and completes a picture of striking beauty.

The golden privet (*Ligustrum vulgare* 'Aureum') can be a solid gold mass through spring and summer if you water it well and shade it during winter against the magnified sunshine. If a very severe winter occurs, it might suffer slight tip killing; but it will soon revive and grow fast enough to cover its wounds by summer.

It always astonishes me when in early spring I view from a brief distance, the golden ninebark (*Physocarpus opulifolius* 'Luteus'). At first it has every appearance of a golden-flowering shrub in all its glory, but upon closer inspection this color effect is seen to be produced by its young leaves.

Many people are often disappointed when they buy the golden mock-orange for they expect to see it produce yellow flowers. However, the golden foliage for which it is named, adequately makes up for any illusions they may have had. It is an outstanding rugged shrub and will withstand full sunshine without leaf burn. The few creamy-white flowers it produces may not be showy but will make their presence felt by their pleasant but extremely strong odor. Plant this shrub on its own where you need a good rounded specimen or use it to bring out the brooze, silvery or red foliage effect of other colored plants.

For a tall shrub or tree, I would not hesitate to recommend the golden poplar (*Populus alba* 'Richardii'). It does not have the stupendous vigor of the common poplars but it does have golden leaves, which look like those of a small maple. The leaves have woolly surfaces on both sides, although they are almost velvety underneath.

The best and most reliable purple-leaved cherry is the purpleleaf sand cherry (*Prunus cistena*), which not only produces deep purple leaves all summer but white flowers with purple stamens in the spring. A similar tree, which would be admirably suited for planting near the patio, is the purple-leaved chokecherry or the Shubert chokecherry (*Prunus virginiana* 'Shubert'), which has large purple leaves all summer long. This tree will be in every nurseryman's list in a year or so, since it is ruggedly hardy and quite distinct.

It would be hard to find a faster-growing, purple-leaved shrub than the Arctic willow (*Salix purpurea* 'Gracilis'). This graceful small shrub makes a good hedge or specimen shrub and may be pruned to any shape when it is quite young.

The elders, which have some good color forms, are brightest in full sun but they will withstand shade. The European golden elder (*Sambucus nigra* 'Aurea') has yellow foliage, and the variegated elder (*Sambucus nigra* 'Albo-variegata') has white and green leaves of distinctive form. The berries of both shrubs, if you can gather enough, make good elderberry wine since these are forms of the European species. The feathery golden elder (*Sambucus racemosa* 'Plumosa aurea') has feathery golden foliage and bright red fruit.

The Royal Purple smoke tree (*Cotinus coggygia* 'Royal Purple') is perhaps among the best of all shrubs for colored foliage. It has beautiful deep-purple leaves, and its reddish plumose flower stems produced in July last well into September. There is no time during summer or fall when this delightful shrub is not attractive.

Finally there is a little shrub that blooms almost continuously all summer and has distinctive variegated foliage as well. It is the variegated dwarf weigela (*Weigela florida* 'Variegata'), not a rapid-growing shrub but one that is bound to please all those who want a plant to place in front of the border.

(Continued From Page 3)

Brockville area that surrounded the Royal Yacht 'Britannia'. Mr. Pearson said that the welcome from the city of Brockville was unequalled for warmth and enthusiasm, and Her Majesty was visibly moved by the greeting received at this unscheduled stop, on her passage up the St. Lawrence.

Anybody witnessing the sight off Brockville as the Royal Yacht steamed slowly by, would have no doubt of the loyalty and warmth of affection for Her Majesty, nor will they ever forget the sight and excitement of that day.

Cut Elms

For the past two weeks, wilting and curling of the leaves in infected portions of the crowns of diseased trees has been noted. The leaves in infected parts of the tree are now turning yellow and this will be followed by a browning of the leaves and eventual leaf drop in a few weeks. There are two other wilt diseases which infect our native elms which have similar symptoms but they are not as prevalent as the Dutch Elm Disease.

Property owners with elm trees should look for these symptoms which are easily spotted at this time of year.

There is no cure for the disease. Diseased trees should be harvested or destroyed.

All native elm species are susceptible to the disease. The white or American elm is the most valuable and widespread of the North American elms. Red and rock elm, the two other native species are also susceptible, but they are not as widespread.

Elms of all ages may be killed by the disease. The younger trees may die in a single season while older trees may not die for four or five years after initial infection.

First record of the disease in Ontario was made in Prescott County in 1946. Thousands of Ontario's elms have since fallen victim to this devastating disease.

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The Mathom Book

Wednesday

Watched the Britannia make her way downriver between Brockville and Prescott this afternoon, accompanied by only one RCMP blue patrol boat. She bore but one flag besides that of the Royal Navy on her stern. It was St. George's Cross on white, with some insignia in the corners, and was carried on her foremast.

The idea behind the practice of tooting one's horn at another car in a greeting because the other is the same make is one that is beyond my comprehension.

I can understand the person who smiles at another when they meet a stranger walking the same breed of dog, or young matrons who fall into conversation because their toddlers are the same age, but toots for cars? Never! Someone did it to me on 401 today. The traffic was heavy and not a time or place to wave, nod or bother with anything but keeping in one's own lane.

Everytime this happens my first reaction is "Am I at fault? Is it me someone is tooting at? What for?" When I have satisfied myself that I am right of the line, within the speed limit, and so on, I wonder. "Is it someone I know?" By this time the tooter is disappearing in my rear view mirror and I realize that it is someone who has signalled that he has a car just like mine.

These characters must be very lonely people. Do they compare tailor's labels in washrooms, and liquor brands at bars?

Thursday

Weeded furiously in a patch of old fashioned thistles. They produce a great crop underneath the so-called martin house. It must be the birds who bring the seeds, because, at intervals, knees and hands are sore from attacking this spot.

Friday

I am glad to see that women's hair is coming down from that sticky hairspray bouffant to something that looks a little more like hair. I was, not long ago, in the dining lounge at Jasper and noted two tourists whose coiffures had been, quite obviously modelled and sculpted by someone who had learned backcombing thoroughly. All I could think of,

as I contemplated these stiff layers, was that. One almost expected small mice to peer out from under the overhang.

Saturday

I wish someone would publish a bird book that tells you something. A little strange bird was hopping about the lawn last night as we ate dinner. Since we did not know what it was there was no use turning up a classification like blackbirds, or swallows. "Brown head", someone called, so we leafed through picture to a brownheaded bird. "Well known in California", the book said. "Spots under the throat", came the next report from the lawn. "Spotted thrush", read the book, "sweet song". The little bird on the lawn went waddling along, picking at seeds on the weeds, uttering a horrible little "Chink, chink, chink." The book holder asked, "Did it have stripes on the under side of its wings?" It was out of sight.

The mock orange has never been sweeter than this year, full of bloom and heavy with scent. After the rain its odour permeates the whole house, almost to saturation.

Sunday

During the late afternoon the river grew curiously calm as the sky darkened in the north. The stretch between Grenadier and Tar, usually alive with boats, was totally deserted. Since I had, a few moments before, been visiting with an old settler and looking at his collection of Indian arrowheads and shards, the place suddenly seemed uninhabited and untouched, as it was before cottages and pleasure boats.

Monday

Everyone wants to show their attachment to the City of Brockville by flying a "Citizen's Flag". These have sprouted everywhere and look very gay beside the red and white of the national and provincial flags.

It may seem a little medieval to have a distinctive civic banner, and we may be flattering ourselves as to being as busy as bees, but enough persons are attracted by the yellow hive on blue, and the thought of something special to them, that they have made a great display.

Tuesday

Sat with a girl with long, straight hair, unperturbed, so that

Six Steps to Survival Breathing

1. Use rescue breathing when persons have stopped breathing as a result of: drowning, choking, suffocation, excessive drugs, electric shock, heart attack, gas poisoning, smoke inhalation. Quickly remove the victim from the cause or remove the cause from the victim.

2. Start immediately. The sooner you start, the greater chance of success. Apply rescue breathing anywhere: on a dock, on the beach, in a boat, from a boat, standing in water, kneeling in water, on the ground, in a car, on a hydro pole, in a chair, on a bed, on the street. Send someone for medical aid.

3. Open airway by lifting neck with one hand and tilting the head with the other hand.

4. Pinch nostrils to prevent air leakage. Maintain open airway by keeping the neck elevated.

5. Seal your mouth tightly around the victim's mouth and blow in. The victim's chest should rise.

6. Remove mouth. Release nostrils. Listen for air escaping from lungs. Watch for chest to fall.

Repeat last three steps twelve to fifteen times per minute. Continue until medical help arrives or breathing is restored.

For infants cover entire mouth and nose with your mouth. Use small puffs of air about 20 times per minute.

When breathing is restored be certain breathing continues. Keep victim quiet and lying down at all times. Move victim to shelter and to medical care if a doctor is not available. As an alternative, rescue breathing mouth to nose may be used.

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strings came down her forehead. She had a way of tossing her head and twisting her neck that made me think of a pony. Perhaps with ponies it is not spirit or restlessness that makes them do this, but just a desire to get their hair out of their eyes.

by
Theodore Benetram



Giving the smallest pig in the litter that extra little bit of help was a common practice around Ontario farms in years gone by. Farm wives used many imaginative ways to feed these little pigs, from using a horn as in the picture to bottles from the farm kitchen. Photo by the late R. R. Sallows, Goderich, Ontario — reproduced by the Ontario Department of Agriculture and Food.

Don't wear sunglasses for night driving warns the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. They cut down glare, but they also cut down your ability to see road signs and traffic lights clearly.

Never look directly at the sun even while wearing sun glasses advises The Canadian National Institute for the Blind. Infra-red rays can penetrate those dark lenses and damage the retina of the eye.

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The University of Heidelberg conferred on Alexander Graham Bell an honorary Doctorate of Medicine. The award was made specifically for Bell's ingenuity in developing a surgical probe for locating a piece of metal buried deeply in the body of a patient.

come responsible for their care. If the federal government does not undertake these responsibilities, then the Ontario government should act to save the graves in this province.

The condition of the graves of the Fathers of Confederation is symbolic, in a way, of how we as a nation have neglected our history.

We must ensure that Canada does not become a nation neglectful of its past; a nation without heroes; a nation without a dream of what the future can become.

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Through Irish eyes

By J. P. Heffernan -
In the Packet of February 22nd, 1967, is an article about Mahon's School by Herbert Bellamy. Included in it is a report from the Provincial Archives which mentions Catholic Separate School No. 10. The report says that it was opened in 1844 and was still in operation in 1857, although the building was in poor condition. The school was located behind the church and was probably closed for lack of funds.

My grandparents came from South Burgess in 1865 and their children attended Mahon's Public School. Taylor Hines, who was a relative of my grandmother's had a shop at Bellamy's Mills for some time.

An oldtimer, whom my father told me about, was Rm Kilborn. He obtained his farm from a pioneer named Dunbar, for whom the little lake is named.

When the Kilborns were a young couple they took an orphan boy named John Kennedy to live with them. He lived in the Toledo district until 1912.

In the early days a large oak stood squarely on the line between the McColl and Kilborn Farms. One calm morning the two neighbours met at the tree with sharp axes. The fastest chopper got the tree.

In a century old drawing of Bellamy's Mills, Mr. Kilborn is the man on the corner with the log on his shoulder. The artist was in the vicinity of Feeney's Blacksmith Shop, and one of the men in the foreground is Mr. Chauncey Bellamy.

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PRESCOTT

NEGLECTED GRAVES

FROM A SPEECH

BY ROBERT F. NIXON

Liberal Leader in Ontario

For a moment, I want to talk about a subject which must concern us in this Centennial Year.

As a nation we have neglected the graves of most of the thirty-seven Fathers of Confederation. Most of them are forgotten men. Joseph Howe, that stormy patriot, once wrote: "A wise nation preserves its records, gathers up its monuments, decorates the tombs of its illustrious dead...". For the most part, we have ignored these words. Almost without exception the graves of the Fathers of Confederation are neither marked nor cared for by the nation they served so well. The condition of the graves has been brought to our attention through the efforts of the Boy Scouts of Canada.

As a Centennial project the Scouts spent nearly three years finding the graves of the Fathers of Confederation, and making minor repairs to them. On July 1st the Scouts with the help of relatives of the Fathers and government officials will hold special memorial services at each grave. This is a worthy project but we must go further. The federal and provincial governments must take immediate action to transform these graves into fitting monuments to Canada's past. We cannot neglect them as we have for the past many years.

Eight Fathers of Confederation are buried in Ontario -- and let me describe briefly what conditions their graves are in now. James Cockburn, the first speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, is buried in Toronto's St. James Cemetery. For years the grave's only marker was a decaying stone lying on the ground, half covered with grass and leaves. The stone's inscription was badly eroded and little could be made out except the name. By contrast, fine monuments to merchants, distillers and others surrounded this pathetic plot on almost every side. The Scouts contacted some of Cockburn's relatives and a new headstone has recently been erected.

ected. But the plot has a neglected look -- and there is no special government marker.

Sir William Pearce Howland, minister of inland revenue in the first Canadian Cabinet, is buried in a mouldering mausoleum with a rotting wooden door in Toronto's St. James Cemetery. The front of the mausoleum is unmarked in any way.

Sir Oliver Mowat, a famous Ontario premier, is buried in Toronto's Mount Pleasant cemetery. A monument on the grave lists Mowat's contribution to Canada -- but the government has done nothing to mark the grave or care for it.

George Brown, one of the leading Fathers of Confederation, is buried in Toronto's Neeropolis cemetery. He has fared better than most; a special plaque on the grave does indicate his honoured position in this nation's history.

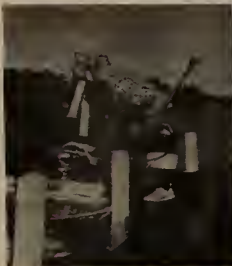
In Kingston's Cataract cemetery lie Sir John A. Macdonald in a well-marked grave, and Sir Alexander Campbell, the postmaster general in the first federal Cabinet. At one point recently the wrought iron fence around Sir Alexander's plot was in danger of falling down.

And at Ottawa's Beechwood cemetery lie Hewitt Barnard, the secretary of the Quebec conference in 1864 and the secretary to the Confederation delegation to London in 1866 and William McDougall, a member of the first Cabinet.

You have to be an expert to find Barnard's grave. The headstone is quite small -- and on it, along with some other names, is inscribed the single word "BARNARD". McDougall's grave is said to be in good condition -- but it lacks any special marker. Surely, it is clear what must be done.

FIRST, the graves must be fixed up and special plaques should be placed at the grave and outside the cemetery gates.

SECONDLY, they should be declared national historic sites -- and the government should be-



Here the proper and improper ways to load a boat are demonstrated. Always step into the boat amidships, and don't try to carry equipment when boarding. Have someone hand the equipment from the pier. Or if alone, move the gear to the edge of the pier, then reach for it when aboard.

CONVERSATIONS WITH GOLITZ

by Ron Grant

"Tell me Golitz," I said, "just what is it we are supposed to be looking for? Why are Canadians seeking an identity? Why do they need one and, more important, what on earth does it all mean?"

Golitz loosened his tie, undid his collar-button and exuded an air of omniscience as he stretched back into the padding of his reclining chair.

"Canada's search for a national identity," he exhaled, "is an abstraction imposed upon us in the form of a crumbly P.R. slogan. It's intended to alleviate the so-called problem of Canadian non-description and it seems to be working; that is, Canadians are beginning to believe that they need a more recognizable image."

"And don't they?" I asked.

"The truth is," Golitz responded, "we already have one. We're famous for our nondescription, our lack of colour. Apart from that, however, we feel that we should have some collective uniqueness which will, in the minds of others, conjure up images of romance, culture, courage, nobility, history, intelligence and

greatness that is available only to those of us who, by the mere accident of birth, were born here.

That, of course, isn't entirely true because such uniqueness would also be available to anyone who became a Canadian through the act of citizenship or, I suppose, through simple aspiration. We want to mean something not just to ourselves but to other people."

"We don't have this meaning now?" I inquired.

"Not really," he said with disconcerting conviction. "In most other countries there is a thing called national recognition. It permits nations to regard, and revere, their talented people for being successful. Hence individuals bring accomplishments to their countries and their countries create environments that are conducive to the personal achievements of its citizens. Beethoven wrote the music and, thanks to a favourable national climate, Germany shares the glory. However, in Canada there is no such aura and no such national

recognition. Before a Canadian can be said to 'have made it' he must first prove himself in some other country, preferably the United States. It doesn't matter that he is no different as a man, he must measure up to outside standards of accomplishment. For example: All Canadian actors are lousy unless they move to Hollywood and get work. This automatically transforms them into great people. Canadian authors, composers and painters are really nothing until they've been critically accepted in the U.S. and so it is with others, Canadian politicians, therefore, not having the opportunity to succeed in the land of the free, must remain inexorably mediocre in their own country."

"Politicians are the same everywhere," I commented.

"Yes," he said, "but Canadians are largely unknown outside Canada. Ask our closest neighbours about us and you'd get some astonishing answers. It's bad enough that no-one knows what a Canadian is but it really hurts to discover that no-one wants to."

"Canadians want to know," I interjected.

"Yes, but we're trying to achieve uniqueness by act of legis-

lation, it seems. We should happen upon it as individuals, not as members of a national group. Being a Canadian or an American or a Frenchman or a Russian is not a justification for living; it is, to most people, simply an excuse for inactivity. We must individually carve ideas that in turn will serve the species and we must be prepared, if necessary, to go it alone. We must make a suitable climate for accomplishment and we must then act. The mere love of group membership (that passes for patriotism) explodes a lot of sins. Hence we have non-productive people who seek group recognition and join organizations like the Heli's Angels, the Mafia, the Conservative Party, the Ku Klux Klan, and infinitum, and who obtain, for their trouble, nothing more than a dubious categorization. They don't function as individuals and they consequently don't experience real uniqueness. All manner of crimes are committed in the name of loyalty, and groups, because of their isolation, spawn such things as prejudice, stupidity and philosophical corruption. Keep in mind also that prejudice is only applied against groups."

"You don't think that Canadians

should have a uniqueness, I take it."

"Indeed I do," he said, "but the only way for us to get it is through individual deeds from individual Canadians. Their accomplishments would naturally be displayed as being Canadian and would be shared by Canada. They should act in the interest of all people, everywhere, and should not exclude their achievements from anyone, anywhere. Now that would be an image, for sure."

"I can see that it won't develop overnight," I remarked.

"Of course it won't," Golitz replied. "You cannot establish a nation identity by proclamation; it can only evolve from the deeds of the people saving morality or goodness or usefulness or whatever you want to call it. From the desire must follow the attempt and from the attempt must follow the achievement and from all of the achievements must follow the Canadian image."

"It is still possible, even without a national identity, for a person to be proud to be a Canadian," I said.

"Well," Golitz said smiling suddenly, "it's a nice feeling just being alive."



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Led by its goat mascot, David, the Fort Henry Guard marches off the parade square of the Kingston, Ontario, fortress. The Guard fife and drum corps will make weekly appearances at the Ontario Pavillion at Expo

throughout the summer and the full Guard will join with Montreal's Compagnie Franche de la Marine and Fraser Highlanders for twice-daily ceremonies at Place des Nations July 13 to 16.

JESSUP STEPS

Continued from Page 3
Lieutenant Edward Jessup, son of Major Jessup, received his commission as a captain in the local militia from Sir Guy Carleton in 1788. The year 1798 marks the date when he was elected to represent the Eastern District in the Legislative Assembly which was the Second Parliament of Upper Canada, and he held several other local appointments during his lifetime. He died in Prescott in 1815 which was one year before his father's death.

We now turn to Edward Jessup, one of the seven children of Captain Edward Jessup, who was born in Prescott on June 13, 1801. His untimely death at the age of thirty occurred on September 2, 1831, and I wish to quote the following from his Will which is dated September 22, 1830: "It is my will and desire that should there

be any sum or sums of money remaining after the said debts and funeral charges are paid, the same to be given to the poor of the Parish." Another extract from the document is most appropriate to be read on this occasion, and it refers specifically to the soil on which we stand at this moment: "I give, grant and set apart as a burial ground for the different Churches now erected in the Town of Prescott all and singular that piece and parcel of land situate, lying and being on the west side of the road leading from the Town of Prescott aforesaid to the Settlement described or may be otherwise known as follows, that is to say, Commencing on the west side of said Prescott road at the foot of the Sand Hill and at the edge of the Swamp, thence along the said Road to the summit of the said Sand Hill; hence in

a south-westerly direction along the Summit of the said Hill to a monument planted thereon, being the extent of the land belonging to the late Hamilton Walker Esq'r. Thence southerly along the division line between the aforesaid piece and parcel of land, and the property of the said late Hamilton Walker Esq'r. to the foot of the said Sand Hill or Ridge. Thence north-easterly along the foot of the said Hill to the place of beginning on the west side of aforesaid Prescott road, which said piece of land and premises is to be held for that purpose by a board of Trustees to be appointed by the members of the different Churches aforesaid consisting of the Clergymen of the respective Churches and such other persons as the members may think proper to appoint".

I have endeavoured to portray

the early accomplishments of the Jessup family with especial reference to the benevolence of the latter Edward Jessup. They laid well the foundations for "The Fort Town," and we are privileged to have their direct descendants with us today. It is a friendship that my wife and I value highly."

On the termination of his address Mr. Warner presented a genealogical volume on the Jessup family to Mr. Dumbrille, for the Grenville County Society. Entitled "Edward Jessup and his Descendants", it was compiled in 1887 by Rev. Henry Griswold Jessup.



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JESSUP STEPS

Mr. Richard Dumbrille, president of the Grenville County Historical Society, officiated at a ceremony officially opening the new stone steps leading to the high ground, and the Jessup plot, in Sandy Hill Cemetery, Prescott, on Saturday.

The flight is made from stones removed from the old canal face at Cardinal. They will officially be known as The Jessup Steps.

Several descendants, and relatives, of Edward Jessup, founder of Prescott, were present for the ceremony. A descendant cut the ribbon, held by Mrs. Jean Wadds, M.P. for Grenville-Dundas and Mrs. Fred Cass. Also present were the Warden, Mr. George Brown and representatives from the Cemetery Board and Town Council.

Mr. Howard Warner, president of the Sir Guy Carleton Branch, U.E.L., addressed the gathering as guest speaker. The text of his address follows:

"It is a distinct honour that has been conferred upon me this afternoon to speak at this momentous milestone in the long history of Sandy Hill Cemetery, Prescott. Undoubtedly, this honor has been occasioned by my association with 'The Fort Town' and, particularly, in view of the fact that in the year 1843 my paternal ancestors settled here directly following their voyage from the Village of Baconsthorpe, County of Norfolk, England. My Great-Great-Grandmother Warner was a widow at the time, and she arrived with her four sons and two daughters. She later

married Joseph Merrington and they, with their children and the Ward family relatives, lie buried in close proximity to this roadway and entrance to the Jessup plot. Grandfather Warner often recalled when his grandmother would drive from Prescott to South Augusta by means of a double-wagon and a team of horses. Incidentally, I wrote my entrance examinations here in the year 1921 during the days of Mr. Greig and Mr. Whiting.

This imposing stair-way of granite stones has been built as a centennial enterprise by the Grenville County Historical Society, and the entire project will be known as The Jessup Steps. The name of Jessup has the identical meaning to Prescott as the name of Buell has to Brockville, and there is also a mutual connotation in the fact that a prominent pioneer Jones family lived in each community -- the lineage of Alpheus and Charles Jones. It is



Present for the dedication ceremonies of the Jessup Steps in Sandy Hill Cemetery, Prescott, last Saturday, were: John Beck, contractor; George Brown of Cardinal, Warden of the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville; Dr. Williams, chairman of the committee in charge of the project; Mrs. Jean Wadds, M.P. for Grenville-Dundas; Mr. Howard Warner, U.E., president of the Sir Guy Carleton

Chapter of the U.E.L., Ottawa, who was the guest speaker; Mr. Richard Dumbrille, of Maitland, president of the Grenville County Historical Society and Councillor Verne Whiting, representing the mayor of Prescott. Mr. Dumbrille is holding a volume of the genealogical records of the Jessup family which was presented to the Society on this occasion by Mr. Warner.

presumed that the Jessup family of Prescott originated at Rotherham, near Sheffield, County of York, England, where the ancestral home was known as "Broom Hall." The Will of William Jessup is dated December 12, 1557, and it is reasonable to assume that Edward Jessup who crossed the Atlantic ocean prior to 1649 was a member of that family. He settled on lands that he owned in the Town of Stamford, Connecticut, but later moved to West Farms, County of Westchester. There were three sons in his numerous family -- namely, Edward, Joseph and Ebenezer, and his death occurred on December 28, 1732.

The second son, Joseph, was the father of a family which played an influential part in the American War of Independence, and his son, Edward, raised a company of men for service in the war against France. It will be noted

that the various generations were active in the military life, and they were friends of Sir William Johnson who lived at "Johnson Hall," near Albany, N.Y. There were many petitions received for grants of land at the close of the French war in 1760, and the Jessup brothers obtained a considerable acreage of property in 1774 on the west side of the Hudson River in the County of Charlotte. The land investments of the Jessups had become extensive with the aid of royal officials, and when the American War of Independence broke out they immediately became loyal to the British Crown. The United Empire Loyalist cause was greatly advanced by Edward and Ebenezer Jessup who were in the party which went through the wilderness to join Sir Guy Carleton at Crown Point on November 4, 1776. Sir John Johnson's Royal Regiment of New York had been formed,

and in the spring of 1777 Jessup's Corps was in the process of being raised. Sir Guy Carleton officially recognized the corps on June 7 of that year, and it was to be known as The King's Loyal Americans. Edward was made a captain, and a second battalion of Sir John Johnson's regiment was formed in 1780 and known as the King's Royal Regiment. The well-known Jessup's Rangers became the new regiment which dates officially from November 12, 1781, and the role of this regiment was prominent and of a varied nature.

It was early in 1787 that Edward Jessup (the son of Joseph and then a major) proceeded to the area in Augusta township which later became the Town of Prescott, and he settled on his grant of land of 1,200 acres. He was also granted 3,800 acres in the District of Lunenburg, but his main interest continued in the



life of the community of Prescott. The town was founded in 1810, and a number of streets are named after members of the Jessup family and its connections. Major Edward Jessup's descendants held local offices for many years, and he died in February, 1816, at the age of eighty.

Lieutenant Edward Jessup, son of Major Jessup, received his commission as a captain in the local militia from Sir Guy Carleton in 1788. The year 1798 marks the date when he was elected to represent the Eastern District in the Legislative Assembly which was the Second Parliament of Upper Canada, and he held several other local appointments during his lifetime. He died in Prescott in 1815 which was one year before his father's death.

We now turn to Edward Jessup, one of the seven children of Captain Edward Jessup, who was born in Prescott on June 13, 1801. His untimely death at the age of thirty occurred on September 2, 1831, and I wish to quote the following from his Will which is dated September 22, 1830: "It is my will and desire that should there

be any sum or sums of money remaining after the said debts and funeral charges are paid, the same to be given to the poor of the Parish." Another extract from the document is most appropriate to be read on this occasion, and it refers specifically to the soil on which we stand at this moment: "I give, grant and set apart as a burial ground for the different Churches now erected in the Town of Prescott all and singular that piece and parcel of land situate, lying and being on the west side of the road leading from the Town of Prescott aforesaid to the Settlement described or may be otherwise known as follows, that is to say, Commencing on the west side of said Prescott road at the foot of the Sand Hill and at the edge of the Swamp, thence along the said Road to the summit of the said Sand Hill; hence in

a south-westerly direction along the Summit of the said Hill to a monument planted thereon, being the extent of the land belonging to the late Hamilton Walker Esq'r. Thence southerly along the division line between the aforesaid piece and parcel of land, and the property of the said late Hamilton Walker Esq'r. to the foot of the said Sand Hill or Ridge. Thence north-easterly along the foot of the said Hill to the place of beginning on the west side of aforesaid Prescott road, which said piece of land and premises is to be held for that purpose by a board of Trustees to be appointed by the members of the different Churches aforesaid consisting of the Clergymen of the respective Churches and such other persons as the members may think proper to appoint".

I have endeavoured to portray

the early accomplishments of the Jessup family with especial reference to the benevolence of the latter Edward Jessup. They laid well the foundations for "The Fort Town," and we are privileged to have their direct descendants with us today. It is a friendship that my wife and I value highly."

On the termination of his address Mr. Warner presented a genealogical volume on the Jessup family to Mr. Dumbville, for the Grenville County Society. Entitled "Edward Jessup and his Descendants", it was compiled in 1887 by Rev. Henry Griswold Jessup.



